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AND

SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER.

"THE THINGS WHICH ARE SEEN ARE TEMPORAL; BUT THE THINGS WHICH ARE NOT SEEN ARE ETERNAL."

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The Principles of Nature.

PHENOMENA OF MIND.

BY JOSEPH H. MOORE.

THE question, "What is man spiritually?" has not been treated, even by the religious and philosophic world, in a manner well calculated to elicit truth. The Baconian age of material progress has a little preceded the Baconian age of spiritual progress. This latter must surely come. When, in the fulness of time, it does arrive, religious questions will be dealt with as the nature of the subject and the nature of man alike demand. The Natural Sciences have been directly applied to promote the useful arts of life. Close observation, careful experiment, and rigid inductive reasoning, have opened an epoch of brilliant physical invention and discovery. Sages once thought such methods of determining truth, entirely too vulgar and common-place for the refined tastes of the philosopher. His glory was to indulge (at least in theory) a supreme contempt for the knowledge, and pains, and pleasures, whose source is matter, and whose medium the external senses. Their vocation was the contemplation of pure, abstract truth. They never demeaned themselves by any sordid attempt to subserve the welfare of the "vile rabble." Their brilliant gossamer was at last thrust aside in part, and partly woven among the harsher meshes of the network wrought by wrangling schoolmen. Now, again, this later handiwork of theorists is being rent into shreds by the appliances of experimentative science, filling the whole earth with the useful in philosophy and faith. Its work is with the masses. A change from a lower to a higher stage of chrysalid life is pervading the soul of society. It is preparing to unfold a brighter form of spiritual existence, to evolve a superior type of human powers and human relations. The present is a transition period. It is but the preface to a better. It is evinced in the most evident external workings. The general mind is on the stir. Church doctrine and state diplomacy become themes of discussion among the people. Organizations are crumbling, sectarian ties dissolving. An eddy in the tide of events is adding loose accretions to an already monstrous mass, itself floating down the stream toward breakers and inevitable schism.

At this day, as in all past time, every variety and extreme of religious belief obtains among men. Every faith has its oracles, its priests, its orthodox, its heretics, its skeptics, and its scattered examples of atheists, chartless and without compass. On this hand, are superstition and fanaticism; on that, is sheer disbelief in all religion. Meanwhile, the most momentous problems remain unsolved. Problems that relate to the nature and destiny of the soul, are treated as though theory were worth more than facts, speculation than experiment, and blind faith than reason. Systems and propositions are contended for, which are based on the authority of dubious and disputed history. Creeds are still held in reverence, which have come down to us as petrified relics from times of fierce dispute and dogmatism—gathered from sources ambiguous and discrepant, and not seldom even puerile. Inquiries are now made, whose answer is not to be the parrotry of creeds, but the demonstration of facts. What are the reciprocal sympathies between the soul and material organism?

What is the soul's power over the physical creation and its capacity of being affected by it? What is its connection with other mental beings in the human and spiritual spheres? What are its relations to time and space, and to the principles and facts of the universe? These questions are now coming up for investigation. It is not to be expected that they will be grasped in their whole scope. That would exceed the compass of human thought. This is equally true of all science. They are still questions involved in the very simplest matters of faith and everyday duty. They cover the whole ground of theology. They each refer to the relations of the human soul. They all resolve themselves into that question, "What is man spiritually?" or, rather, it comprehends them all.

As has been said, those whose province it has been deemed to mold the world's theology, in attempting to answer this question heretofore, have not proceeded in a manner sanctioned by a rational philosophy whose corner-stone is facts. The more extraordinary developments that have occurred in the department of mind, have been almost universally referred to causes beyond human control, and equally beyond human ken. Hence we may judge how poorly qualified men have been to reason calmly and decide rationally in view of such developments. Startling facts have shown themselves under varying mental phenomena, in all times, not excepting the present. These facts have been presented to the world under auspices so unfavorable that they prove of comparatively little use. They are facts, which, depending upon a true or false appreciation, will attract the mind to true or false religion—or, worse than either, repel it from all religion. They are such as arrest men's attention, excite their wonder, perhaps alarm their fears; but, for the most part, lead them to charge the marvel to God's inscrutable ways, or otherwise credit it to the devil. Thus, accounts of mental phenomena, when delivered to the world and transmitted to posterity, go forth with such a mixture of fact and fable, of actual events and highly colored narrations, of the plausible and the absurd, that while some blindly believe and attribute everything to the supernatural, others as blindly make a sweeping denial, and pronounce them *in toto* impossible.

Remarkable manifestations of Mind there are, as well attested as any event of history, or as any occurrence known to living men, which reduce very much of what the former class esteem miraculous, to the merely natural, according perfectly with mental laws, and which demonstrate the reality of much which the latter class deem absurd. Mind has been practically treated like a mere abstraction, the most unreal of all things. Systems of mental philosophy have abounded—systems founded in theory, not in nature. They remind us of so many soap-bubbles blown one after another from the bowl of the child's pipe. A whoop of admiration follows each in its ascent, till a breath strikes it—it bursts, and lo! another is ready. Investigations deserving the name have hardly yet got under fair headway, conducted by men whose scientific attainments, whose bold, original and discriminating minds, united with favorable circumstances, qualify them properly for the task in hand. The intimate connection between physiology and psychology, were formerly, in theory and practice, all but denied. They are yet, by not a few writers upon both subjects, little examined and less

understood. Not a half century has passed since a prominent physician was ridiculed out of practice by his professional brethren, for advocating the doctrine that insanity is always accompanied by cerebral disorder. The idea of demoniacal possession—yea, of patriarchal witchcraft—is not yet at an end. We are occasionally challenged from our pulpits to prove that maniacs are not subjected to real devils. The opinion is soberly stated and defended, that *delirium tremens* conjures up tormenting fiends from the pit of burning marl. Divine inspiration ceased long ages ago. Good angels commune no more with men. Infernal influx taints every thought; bad angels fill the heart with malice and load the mind with lies.

In some instances we are warned in horror not to practice the necromancy of Mesmerism, as being the identical heaven-daring crime for which the guilty under Moses' law "died without mercy." With regard to that state of mind in which the soul seems elevated in its intuitions, upon a plane superior to its ordinary dependencies for knowledge, it is still looked upon as a supernatural *afflatus* peculiar to primitive times, or as being otherwise confined to accredited agents, and limited to arbitrary interposition. It is thought the extreme of presumption to talk of the laws of inspiration, as though man could penetrate the veil which shuts out the gaze of mortals from the sacred mysteries of the Most High. It is thought downright blasphemy to expect a divine revelation, in this vast universe of God's, outside the pages of books, or of a certain consecrated pale. Men forget that to the pure in heart, who search their meaning, "the invisible things of Him, from the creation of the world, are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even His eternal power and Godhead."

Questions like the following are at this day undergoing a more critical examination, and I think will gain a more rational answer than they were wont to receive: Is not inspiration the result of given conditions resident in man? Are these conditions not discoverable? Are they not attainable? Are they not subject to immutable laws? Are they not the natural concomitant of a harmonious human constitution? A science of man, based on facts and built up of facts, it is not rash to affirm, must answer these questions in the affirmative. The undeviating character of law itself would lead us to such a conclusion. Every phenomenon is caused; apply the cause, and the phenomenon occurs. Cause and effect are connected by law.

The idea of the immutability of law is intuitive. It originates every hope and every fear, as its reality originates every obligation and every event. God must have principles. Think of a God without principle! His principles determine his will, his action, his creations. His laws reflect his mind, in which those principles exist. If God be eternal, his principles must be, therefore, his laws. Nothing can happen without law, unless without Deity; in other words, unless by chance—uncaused. No event, then, can go above, athwart, or aside of an eternal constitution of an Eternal Creator, however passing strange the event. Even the Omnipotent Ruler, having ordered his system of government in accordance with his character, must abide by his own enactments, throughout his created universe. All the operations of the Infinite are harmonious therewith, otherwise they would be capricious and hap-hazard. So, then, a law being known, we may depend on its unerring uniformity, for it is divine. Could Deity both make and break law? What, then, are its claims on universal mind? What safety in obedience? Obedience to what? A variable standard! There is nothing to which to conform, absolutely nothing. The way that to-day is life, to-morrow may be death; that to-day is right, to-morrow may be wrong. By keeping on, in the path that yesterday led to heaven, to-morrow you may stumble into hell! The highest seraph could not advance toward the Infinite, without peril and shuddering. We must then conclude that Deity and law harmonize in their eternal, universal immutability. Let, then, the result of cer-

tain conditions once be stated, and it is for ever named in like conditions.

The supernatural view has operated most unfavorably against a true understanding of this whole subject. Men have either gone to the extreme of denying the possible existence of inspiration, or to that other of defending its miraculous nature. The latter view has induced a dread of investigation. The feeling has been, "what God has hid let not man search out." Mental phenomena have been observed with much the same kind of unreasoning awe, once produced by striking physical phenomena. As these were once thought inexplicable by any finite intellect, their only utterance to man, as he crouched in impotent terror, was, "behold and tremble!" They were regarded as special interpositions of Jehovah, who scorns to work by rule, and to abide by an undignified adherence to fixed principles. All unsearchable were the signs in heaven and earth—the meteoric shower, the blaze of the comet, and the earthquake's shock. The thunder was God's voice speaking in sublime terror to vile mortals. The lightning gleamed in vengeance from his unseen hand. Have these agents mocked human scrutiny? Does any event occur among men, upon the examination of which, a divine prohibition rests? The whole analogy of human discovery answers—No! Knowledge is the soul's natural aliment. Nature does not make terrible displays to overawe research, nor beautiful displays to tantalize with insatiable longings, nor mysterious displays to inflame curiosity, and then baffle investigation. The race has been repaid a thousand fold for the dangers and toils incident to extending the realm of Science, and applying the new creations of Art. None will be rebuked for profane boldness, when inspired by love for wisdom. Venturous Franklin brought the message down to earth, that heaven deems him profane who stoops in contented ignorance—not him who climbs to higher knowledge of the sacred mysteries of being, whether of matter or of spirit. The Infinite Father is not jealous lest his children should approach too nearly the majesty of His own omniscience. What parent takes pleasure in the ignorance of his child? If the prying curiosity of men needed a rebuke, why was the world not taught a lesson, once for all, on the head of that rash experimenter, who, while heaven's artillery blazed and roared above him, first snatched the bolt sparkling from its lofty forge? Instead of being blasted by his fearful prize, the author of the Promethean feat is honored with immortal renown.

Another of earth's elemental powers—the mightiest, the most dreaded, the least understood—has acknowledged man's sovereignty, and humbled itself to any service, whether to amuse, or instruct, or to aid the arts; to entertain the school-boy, or become the messenger of nations. Another call is made upon the race, to observe, to meet, to embrace its destiny. Another sign is set up, to mark the march of human progression. Another type points to the future, in which man will be rescued from the ignorance that makes him weak in his woes, by a knowledge which shall new-create, and render him in his sphere omnipotent. The goal that yesterday was far before him, he has left as a starting point in the dim distance behind him. In no part of the domain of creation, upon which he enters, is he treated as an intruder on Jehovah's secret counsels. What he discovers he receives title to in fee simple for a common heritage, as though himself had brought it into being. The elements of that vast universe of physical and mental existence, which the cycles of the future shall open to his mind, are even now in his possession. What he has but just learned, was always offered to his acceptance. More knowledge, higher experience, awaits his tardy claim. The heaven he hopes for, he need not purchase with the agonies of death. The hell he fears, is the torment he will not flee. The terms of life change not—"Ask, and it shall be given; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you." Before the printing press, the railroad, the steamship, the telegraph, and the thousand amazing discoveries in Science and appliances in Art, had by fresh stimulus, awakened a new spirit

within man, to bear him still onward in his career, were not the materials he has combined, and the powers of Nature he has employed, the same as now? So is it in the spiritual sphere. Every phenomenon observed among men is an invitation to investigate its cause. Ignorance of that cause is our loss, or shame. According to all the analogies of the past, ignorance is injury.

The relations of history, sacred and profane, and well established facts developed in our own day, point to a field of inquiry, concerning which, rigid examination will yet take the place of conjecture, and proof of assumption. It is a field which, though coming most nearly home to the mind, has been most neglected, and the neglect of which has been most disastrous to the race—even the human constitution. Anthropology, the science of man, the whole man, has not been an experimentive science. It has been to the world little more than a name. I need not stop here with assertion. Thousands are witnesses to developments which prove the fact. The most ordinary empiric who lectures upon Human Magnetism, will furnish demonstration that this is so. He will perform experiments upon a magnetized subject, of a character which beforehand would be pronounced miraculous. He will actually make a catch-penny show of powers which the almost unanimous verdict of the religious world limits to Divine inspiration. He will induce, artificially, a condition of the system, in which the subject, dispensing with the external media of communication, will read the present thoughts, and often even the past and future history of the near and the distant. He will play at pleasure by manipulation, upon every instinct of the mind, as the musician upon the keys, or the strings of his instrument. Some will pronounce this witchcraft—a league with the devil. That only illustrates the truth of the proposition laid down above concerning man's deplorable ignorance of his own constitution. Others will flatly deny the occurrence of the phenomena in question. Another illustration of our proposition, and of the necessity of a scientific basis of belief concerning the nature and consequent relations of man, that crowning piece of this terrestrial creation.* The student of the divine works need fear no repulse here. If on earth events occur, differing from the ordinary manifestations of law, it is not philosophical, from their rarity, to infer a supernatural suspension of law. We ought, rather, in all reason, to recognize a universal principle demanding our study and needing only a repetition of the conditions to reproduce the phenomena. As we have seen, Omnipotence itself cannot annihilate the eternal nor change the immutable. Omniscience itself cannot vindicate infinite perfections in the midst of anarchy itself has created.

Is it demonstrated, that in one solitary instance the human has connected itself consciously in spirit-union with the heavenly, and opened its vision upon an experience which is "as seeing Him who is invisible?" Has it ever occurred in the history of the human family, that persons, while in the form, have reached a superior mental condition, in which, independent of the corporeal senses, they have communicated with other mental beings, embodied or disembodied? The almost universal assent of the world will be the reply. Then, as a progressive being, man is obligated to inquire by what law, and thus add an abiding pillar to the edifice of his faith. As the subject now stands, it is very generally admitted, that, when separated from the body, spirit communes intelligibly with spirit. It is further admitted, that while in the body, prophets have had open vision into the interior world. Then, without dispute, spiritual vision must be viewed as a thing consistent with the laws of the human constitution. God, as author of man's being, has fixed this constitution. Inspiration, then, in all its degrees of clearness and fullness, accords perfectly therewith, and must recur as often as the necessary conditions are fulfilled. If it be disease, then is it to be avoided. It is in an unnatural state. If it be consistent with

* It is but just here to say, that it is believed Dr. J. R. Buchanan's elaborate and comprehensive system of Anthropology will do much to answer this demand.

the highest exercise of our interior and external faculties—if it be, in fact, a superior state—then it is undoubtedly such as the race, as a whole, is approaching, and such as it must reach at some future period of its progression, when none shall say to his brother, Know ye the Lord—for all shall know him. Before this consummation can be attained, a science of man must be developed and added to the certainties of our classified knowledge. Then each will understand his neighbor, and can forgive his errors—himself, and can correct his own. He will then perceive that his destiny is in his own hands. He will then acknowledge the impartial dealings of a Universal Providence. Whatever privilege of condition any member of the human family may have enjoyed, we only fail of the same because the law of its existence is crossed. Our present low state is a vitiated one, wholly unnatural. The law of any higher state once known, is known for all men and all time. A general recognition of this evident truth will prevent, in future, those outbreaks of fanaticism and delusion that have so afflicted the world, and which the supernatural theory of surprising mental phenomena alone can produce.

It can easily be seen how supernaturalism, as a popular belief throughout the world, has directly promoted superstition and imposture. It will be found, almost without exception, true, where the multitude have been duped by some professed prophet, that the impostor begun his career at least, in the possession of some remarkable gift, as the specious foundation for his claim. It often happens, in the history of delusions, that their authors mingle the greatest sincerity and devotedness with ambitious intrigue. They have sometimes been, to a considerable extent, real seers. Yet, ignorant as they were of the source of their own powers, they actually imagined themselves miraculously endowed, and chosen to establish a new faith among men. Pernicious national customs and popular principles are suddenly revealed to their minds in so odious a light, and the necessity of radical reform impresses itself so forcibly upon them, as to seem the solemn message of an angel. The flashing of a grand truth upon the soul, in contrast with the darkness dispelled, resembles an illumination breaking in from the bright heaven of heavens. It becomes at once the token of a special divine mission, the pledge of sublime success. Then the bias of natural character, and the necessities of the case, decide the man's line of action for the accomplishment of his destiny. Mahomet, as an example, started out the deadly foe of a prevalent and deeply rooted idolatry. He achieved a great reform. He gave an impulse to the progress of Mind, which, by the twelfth century after Christ, rendered the metropolis of Mohammedan faith the center and soul of the highest civilization, learning, and refinement, of that age. Some of the very first minds among the Christian scholars of this day admit, for the Koran, that its merits lie between the cavils of its enemies that it is mere imposture, and the claim of its friends that it is pure inspiration.

Mormonism, even, is not without its "signs following." True, these are explained in the very elements of Human Magnetism and Clairvoyance. Yet, to the disciples of the prophet, they are manifest miracles. The enemies of that faith who see without accounting for them on known principles of Nature, insist that they are wrought by Satanic power. The Mormon elder, in all good conscience, magnifies his office in the exercise of his supposed apostolic gifts. Tic doloreaux and other nervous disease, flies before the potent laying on of hands. Yet he is often sadly disconcerted in finding himself outdone, in his divine vocation, by the powerful and practiced Mesmerist. An earlier and a blinder age would have sought to quench the first spark of fanaticism, in that rising sect, in blood. The persecution would have been called a crusade against the devil. A pamphlet is sold in our stores, being a published sermon of one of our most eminent divines, preached in this city; which pamphlet classes all the phenomena which it presents under the comprehensive term "Witchcraft."

But what a quandary does such a view force upon us. For, being supernatural, it is useless to seek out their causes. Being above Nature, no clue to their operation or cause exists in Nature. Investigation is futile. Still worse—the time has passed when the counter-proof of genuine divine miracles is possible. No Aaron's rod can swallow all other rods. The devil has the better of the argument. His adversaries cannot equal his spells nor break his charms. Beelzebub takes quiet possession, and none can cast him out. He laughs the saints to scorn. Any apostate fanatic can raise the prince of devils and all his imps by a word or a nod, whom the whole host of apostolic successors and disciples of truth cannot lay! Then, again, those are to be found who cannot be persuaded that these wonders are wrought by infernal agency. If superstitious, they will become the dupes of some deluded or designing leader. Others will feel positive of their diabolical origin. There is no question, that, did not the days of witchcraft memory hold up before men's minds its lurid images of terror, they would re-enact those hellish tragedies. Again, imagined fiends might be drowned, burned and tortured out of withered hags and ill-savored crones. Again, an infatuated race might drag to the stake, for a crime in its nature impossible, old men and maidens, young men and children, on continents and islands, at Geneva and Rome, in Old England and New England. Reverence for religion under the supernatural view would be no safe-guard against such enormities. It is well known how zealous the church, and especially the clergy, were in their prosecution. When pity for an instant quenched rage in their bosoms, conscience goaded them for their weakness, and nerved them to look on blood and tortures.

If true philosophy in physical science is a system of conclusions from discovered facts and established principles, how much more in spiritual science. If physical existence is pervaded by order and harmony, how strong the probability that spiritual existence is so. If all the phenomena of matter are traceable to general, uniform laws, it is certainly not otherwise with the phenomena of Mind. Each will, of course, be governed in strict consistency with its intrinsic nature. The planets are not controlled in their motions by the moral law, nor Mind, in its development, by material forces.

Laws of operation may seem to lie deep hidden in the inner substance of spiritual realities, yet their occult nature and their profound working robs them not a title of their necessary truth. Fixed, discoverable, reliable means, are externally requisite to develop the capacities of spiritual beings, as are air, light, moisture, caloric, and the soil, for the growth of the plant. When the soul is fitted to assimilate its appropriate nourishment, the elements it demands are furnished, as the atmosphere we breathe is given us, to expand the lungs and purify the blood. In his dealings with Mind, Deity abides by established conditions, as he does to gather the streaming rays of light upon the eye, to waft sounds upon the ear, to propel the vital tide in brute and man, to elaborate physical forms upon all interior life.

I know not why any should regard such propositions with suspicion. They should not be so regarded by any who do not hold that the chief value and charm of all doctrine begin, continue and end where mystery does. It has grown to be almost a test of truth, in some quarters, that it shall be unintelligible. It is painful to see sacred things stripped of the veil that screens them from the vulgar gaze. The conjurors of India, so our missionaries tell us, accustomed to soothe pains and heal diseases by stroking their patients with their hands, amid sprinklings and prayer, saw with dismay and indignation, the Christian stranger perform like cures without their incantations. Yet so long as no harm, and equal good was done, they could not, on the score of right reason, quarrel with the missionary for dispensing with supernumerary flourishes and pow-wow. It can certainly arrogate nothing from the dignity of religion, to wed reason to faith. Religion is now just as pure, and just as secure, as when men thought the dire vengeance of heaven was foretold in showers

of blood, now known to be the deposit of butterflies in their periodical swarming—all innocent as they were of "malice prepense" in spreading panic over whole districts of rational beings, the "lords of creation." The rationale of the highest development of finite powers ever exhibited on earth, could tend as little to the prejudice of religion, as a knowledge of the laws of optics to derange the natural sight, or of the laws of animal life, to disturb the vital functions and render disease incurable. The whole tendency is to the contrary.

Further—the prevalence of the supernatural view has discredited before the world great facts in the past history of men's spiritual experience. It would here be interesting to adduce examples for which there is the very best authority, proving the frequent occurrence of those now wonderful manifestations of mental vision, concerning which so much growing inquiry is at this day elicited. Earlier times were not without their seers, and modern times can furnish their living examples, even among men distinguished in the world for their goodness and their learning. Such instances may be cited at a future day. But how has the supernatural view operated as above stated? In this way. Remarkable events in the spiritual history of mankind have so excited men's marvellousness, in the absence of philosophy, that they have been handed down exaggerated in description and half buried under the load of fictitious relations. Honest and capable historians of their own and preceding periods have been duped by their own heated imaginations, and by the torrent of superstition dreund them. Each rare occurrence superstition would magnify into monstrous proportions, and then multiply the giant fiction a thousand fold. The legends of Christian saints look the mythology of paganism out of all countenance. As to Roman Catholic history, recorded miracles crowd its annals from the year of grace 1, clear along the devious way, down to the last day of the seamless coat of Treves. Even the holy fathers and early martyrs witness, or are made to witness, to the most amazing prodigies. An imposing array of great names stands pledged to their authenticity. Origen is eye-witness to miracles wrought by Christ's unburied cross. St. Gregory counts it a small thing to raise the dead. The fathers testify to his success. Athanasius, Jerome, Chrysostom, Ambrose, Augustin, and who knows how many calendar saints, illumine the galaxy of vouchers to similar things and others as passing strange. In latter days the tendencies of investigating minds are to discard belief in the supernatural origin of similar events. The sciences that weigh the planetary worlds, and trace Nature's law-abiding process in all observed phenomena, are teaching man a lesson.

Mind has been struggling with a destiny which was a nightmare and an enigma. It has been able, in instances not a few, partly to assert and to anticipate the destiny beyond. Grand facts have shown themselves, waiting to be accounted for. Individual proofs of universal principles yet to redeem the world have appeared, yet too often have given rise to general and pernicious errors. The ground has lain almost fallow, and thick-grown with tares, which the polished plowshare of investigation shall uproot and turn beneath the soil, to give place to a harvest fruitful in truth and good. Hitherto, palpable fables have passed for bona fide realities, in one division of the Christian church, even now thought to prove the sanctity of relics and the immanence of miraculous gifts in the true communion. In other divisions, the same have gone forth to the world, labeled "lying wonders" and "the deceivableness of unrighteousness." Still the history of every ecclesiastical organization abounds in relations of wonderful providences and divine dealings with the human mind. And outside the nominal church, in every city and village, and we might almost say in every neighborhood, developments occur that have been esteemed supernatural, arbitrary and inexplicable. These terms will not always be applied to this subject. They belong to the musty tomes of ancient days. They befit the advocates of patched and stereotyped creeds.

Others are to be found who revere them not. For this day, we need men resolute enough to scan closely the ground they are called to tread upon, who will look the most venerable dogma full in the face, to see whether it be a living reality or a mere rattling manikin. Matter has been long under examination; Mind will quite as well repay critical study. Indeed, the knowledge of the constitution of its material organism, if thorough, would include a knowledge of its vitalizing spirit. That gained, superstition could find no element in the Mind, from which to derive its nourishment. Men would no longer smother their intuition in fright at their own singular experience. Mental disorder would be detected, as are the morbid appetites and deranged action of the physical. Man as a race would grow to possess symmetry of external form. The soul's temple would be no more its dungeon. It would offer a transparent medium for truthful influxes. Thick darkness, relieved only by the ignis fatuus of delusion, would no longer shroud in darkness the chambers of the soul, echoing with deceptive voices. Its windows, without flaw or stain, would admit from the Sun of Righteousness rays direct, in which truth and love flow mingled down. Mists and gloom would give place to brightness and the wisdom-teachings of spirits ministering to heirs of salvation. That is the true life. It is the life to which prophets, in all nations and all times, have more or less distinctly pointed. It is that upon which the rapt vision of Isaiah and Jeremiah, of Zachariah and David, of Paul and Swedenborg, in part opened. It must result from a proper development of faculties native to man. It must become universal, when all the duties and business of life shall be so modeled as to have a direct bearing upon the improvement of the race. Then the prosperity of each will work good to all. Then man will act in harmony with Deity. Each will be most happy in adding to the common joy.—[Herald of Truth.]

JESUS WAS AN INTERPRETER OF NATURE TO MAN, and he points us to Nature, to the truths of God's character and Providence there revealed. He would have us study Nature, read the great book of Revelation there opened to the seeing eye and listening ear, and thus learn of God. He reveals no new truths of God's Providence and Love, when he calls upon us to "behold the fowls of the air for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns, yet our Heavenly Father feedeth them." He but repeats the attestations of Nature to the truths of God's paternal care, when he declares that "not even a sparrow falleth to the ground without your Father's notice," and when he would have us "consider the lilies of the field." And so the truth, that good works are the only signs of real goodness, the only test of real religion, which Jesus declares in the words, "by their fruits ye shall know them," is no new truth, just revealed, but an existing reality, a truth in the nature of things, a truth which Nature everywhere teaches and illustrates, as Jesus himself indicates when he says, "do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles? Even so every good tree bringeth forth good fruit." Thus Jesus revealed Truth—Truth, the thing that is ever old and eternal, ever fresh and living. He revealed the truths of God's Providence, Character, and Will, as manifested through Nature—the eternal truths of God and Nature, and nothing more, nothing concealed and mysterious.—[Richardson's Theology and Religion.]

I do not see why Jesus should seem more out of Nature, or preternatural, than any other great Prophet or wonderful Father and Sage. He seems to me as much a part of Nature—ay, more a part of Nature, because more true to Nature than a Newton, a Howard, a Shakspeare, or a Channing—as much a part of Nature even as the bird, the tree, or the flower. There are simple blossoms, that open their petals daily and hourly, by every way-side; and yet, once only in a hundred years the century-aloe sends up its giant stalk and expands its wonderful flowers. And yet this, as the simplest plant, is a part of Nature; and I know not whether, however uncommon and wonderful a being he might have been, Jesus of Nazareth, in simplicity of character, does not most resemble the way-side flower.

[Richardson's Theology and Religion.]

Choice Selections.

CLEAR THE WAY.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

MEN of thought! be up and stirring
Night and day.
Sow the seed—withdraw the curtain—
Clear the way!
Men of action, aid and cheer them,
As ye may!
There's a fount about to stream;
There's a light about to beam;
There's a warmth about to glow;
There's a flower about to blow;
There's a midnight blackness changing
Into gray.
Men of thought, and men of action,
Clear the way!
Once the welcome light has broken,
Who shall say
What the unimagined glories
Of the day?
What the evil that shall perish
In its ray?
Aid the dawning, tongue and pen;
Aid it, hopes of honest men;
Aid it, paper—aid it, type—
Aid it, for the hour is ripe;
And our earnest must not slacken
Into play.
Men of thought, and men of action,
Clear the way!
Lo! a cloud's about to vanish
From the day;
Lo! the right's about to conquer—
Clear the way!
And a brazen wrong to crumble
Into clay.
With that right shall many more
Enter smiling at the door.
With the giant wrong shall fall
Many others, great and small,
That for ages long have held us
For their pray.
Men of thought, and men of action,
Clear the way!

NAPOLEON'S PROPNECY.

WE are not disposed to treat prophets with respect. They are impostors of the worst class, and deserve a kicking. Yet, it happens occasionally that things which are predicted actually occur, and when this is the case, ignorant individuals incline to a belief in the power of some men to foretell events. The following, however, is a remarkable prophecy of Napoleon, being a suppressed passage from both the French and English editions of Count Las Casas' Journal, and which has been furnished us by a literary gentleman of eminence:—[London Standard.]

"In less than 15 years from the present time," said the Emperor Napoleon, to me, one day, as we stood viewing the sea from a rock which overhangs the road, "the whole European system will be changed. Revolution will succeed Revolution until every nation becomes acquainted with its individual rights. Depend upon it, the people of Europe will not long submit to be governed by these bands of petty Sovereigns, these aristocratic Cabinets. I was wrong in re-establishing the Order of Nobles in France. But I did it to give splendor to the Throne, and refinement to the manners of the people, who were fast sinking into barbarism since the Revolution. The remains of the feudal system will vanish before the Sun of Knowledge. The people have only to know that all power emanates from themselves, in order to as-

sert their rights to a share in their respective Governments. This will be the case even with the Boors of Russia. Yes, Las Casas, you may live to see the time, but I shall be cold in my grave, when that colossal but ill-cemented empire will be split into as many Sovereignities, perhaps Republics, as there are hordes or tribes which compose it.

After a few more reflections on the future prospects of Europe, his Majesty thus continued: "Never was a web more artfully woven over a nation than that horrible debt which envelopes the people of England. It has been the means of *enriching the aristocracy* beyond all former example in any country, while it has, at the same time, insured as many fast and powerful friends to the Government, as there are individuals who receive interest for that money so extravagantly squandered to crush liberty in other countries. Even that must have an end; some accidental spark will ignite the combustible mass, and blow the whole system to the devil. If this mighty debt was due to foreigners, those cunning islanders would not bear the burden an hour, but would, on some pretext or other, break with their creditors, and laugh at their credulity; but they owe the money to individuals among themselves, and are, therefore, likely to enjoy the pleasure of paying the interest for some generations to come. France, too, has a debt. These Bourbons think to maintain themselves on my throne, by borrowing largely of the present generation, in order to lay heavy taxes on the next, and all future ones. But I know the French people too well to suppose that such a system can be long tolerated. I know that they have too much natural affection for their offspring to entail upon them a national debt like that of England, however artfully incurred. No! no! my subjects are too sharp-sighted, to let the property accumulated for their children, be mortgaged to pay the Russians and English for invading them, and for the restoration of the *"veille cour des imbecilles"* who now insult them. They will, after a time, make comparisons between them and me, they will recollect that the expenses of my Government were defrayed by imposts during the year—that my wars cost France nothing—that I left her not one Napoleon in debt, but that I enriched every corner of her territory. Such comparisons will not be favorable to the Bourbons. The French will cast them and their debt from their shoulders, as my Arabian would any stranger who should dare to mount him. Then, if my son be in existence, he will be seated on the throne amid the acclamations of the people. If he be not, France will go back to a Republic, for no other hand will dare to seize a scepter which it cannot wield. The Orleans Branch, though amiable, are too weak, have too much of the other Bourbons, and will share the same fate if they do not choose to live as simple citizens, under whatever change takes place."

Here the Emperor paused a few moments; then waving his hand, he exclaimed in an animated tone, his dark eye beaming with the enthusiasm of inspiration, "France, once more a Republic, other countries will follow her example—Germans, Prussians, Poles, Italians, Danes, Swedes, and Russians, will all join in the crusade for liberty. They will arm against their Sovereigns, who will be glad to make concession of some of their rights in order to preserve a minor authority over them as subjects; they will grant them Representative Chambers, and style themselves Constitutional Kings possessing a limited power. Thus the feudal system will receive its death-blow—like the thick mist on that ocean, it will dissipate at the first appearance of the sun of liberty. But things will not end there, the wheel of revolution will not stand still at this point; the impetus will be increased in a ten-fold ratio, and the motion will be accelerated in proportion. When a people recover a part of their rights as men, they become elated with the victory they have achieved, and having tasted the sweets of freedom, they become clamorous for a larger portion. Thus will the States and Principalities of Europe be in a continual state of turmoil and ferment, perhaps, for some years—like the earth, heaving in all directions, previous to the occurrence of an earthquake. At length the combustible matter will have vent; a tremendous explosion will take place. The lava of England's bankruptcy will overspread the European world, overwhelming kings and aristocracies, but cementing the democratic interest as it flows. Trust me, Las Casas, that, as from the vines planted in the soil which

encrusts the sides of Etna and Vesuvius the most delicious wine is obtained, so shall the lava of which I speak prove to be the only soil in which the tree of liberty will take firm and permanent root. May it flourish for ages! You, perhaps, consider these sentiments strange and unusual; they are mine, however. I was a Republican, but fate and the opposition of Europe made me an Emperor. I am now a spectator of the future!"

FREEDOM OF OPINION.

MANKIND in all ages of the world have been forced to struggle as hard for the free enjoyment of their property in mind, as for the more tangible property represented by real estate. Both in matters pertaining to religion and politics, there have always been a class of men disposed to force the public mind to see by means of the same medium through which they themselves look at spiritual and temporal matters. It is a happy thing that in our own land this class is in a minority, and, therefore, dare not use the bayonet as an argument to spread their peculiar views; yet as far as other coercive measures can go toward effecting their object, they do not hesitate to use them. We hear men in public situations in life boast possession of the glorious privilege of "freedom of opinion," who are, themselves, the veriest slaves to an arbitrary set of opinions that ever bowed to the despotic power of party. Stand aloof from them and freely express your convictions, and the very first charge made is, that you are not honest—that unworthy motives actuate you in differing from them! "Freedom of opinion," that glorious inheritance of an American, is seized by the slave of party, buried beneath abuse, and he who would dare to disinter and exercise it is pointed out as a dangerous member of society! Why dangerous? Because he claims to use his right of inheritance, not only to think freely but to speak freely; and as the contrast between his honest opinions and the slavish creed of a more numerous sect in the political world places the doctrines and actions of the latter in a questionable light, he must be silenced. How silenced? Buy him into quietness! If he will not sell his freedom, alarm him into a passive state by threatening him with a bad name! And this is the system of tactics used by men who boast that they are the advocates of freedom of opinion!

What is American freedom of opinion? The right to belong to one party and one church! The independent thinker is not allowed to exercise his own judgment in selecting what appears to him the good points of all political parties around him, or that portion of the creeds of all religions which may appear to his mind as most consistent with his opinion of Christianity, but he must agree to swear by the fallacies, as well as the truths, of one particular sect or party, or prepare to be a martyr to the wrath of all.

It is truly deplorable to see a set of men gifted by Heaven with powers of thought and impulses for action, minds to conceive and tongues to give conception utterance, bind themselves like slaves to the opinions of a being frail and mortal as themselves—as liable to error and as prone to prejudice; hesitating to declare the right and expose the wrong, until they ascertain what the autocrat of their party may say, or what the canons of their church may utter. Parties hold to the doctrine that "the truth should not always be uttered," this they no doubt find politic, but, in our opinion, the doctrine is not right, and we have resolved so to express ourselves, on every occasion that offers. We will be no slaves to the interested policy of a political or any other sect, but while we aid all in the dissemination of truth, and in the advocacy of what we consider right in their doctrines, we will hold ourselves at the same time free to point the public mind to what we conceive to be wrong, and laugh at the tricks of those who labor to make the world subscribe to their counterfeit presentment of "freedom of opinion."—[St. Louis Reveille.

CICERO told his son that amusements ought to be employed like sleep; which, if used to excess, become dangerous, and instead of reviving the powers of the mind renders them torpid.

Original Communications.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF TO-DAY.

It is by no means singular that the new philosophy which shadows forth a brighter day, indicating our connection in this physical sphere with a succeeding spirit life, should meet with strong and stubborn opposition from the tardy and conservative world of mind. The prevailing theology and philosophy of this age is the ultimated development of principles, once new and strenuously opposed, but which contained more truth and light than the conservative world was prepared for at the age of their discovery. But they have nearly developed themselves, completed their circle, and finished their destiny. The evident signs which this age bears of a transition, show plainly that they must now give way to a new system—containing as the greater circle contains the less—all truth and light which is within its sphere; thus rendering useful the little truth which past ages have discovered, and embracing in its wider range all knowledge contained in former systems.

If the coming age with its new philosophy shall succeed in securing general happiness, by establishing harmony and unity in our moral, social, and political relations with one another, it will accomplish what formal Christianity and civilization have long preached, but never practiced—long taught in faith but never realized in life—nor indeed could it be, for the clergy have been the “blind leaders of the blind.” The world has been progressing through every past age, and rapidly in the present age of civilization and refinement; but its head (the teachers of theology, divinity, and spirituality,) has been cut off and accidentally put on with the face backward, and even then, it would seem with the eyes bandaged, for they would not use even past experience. It can hardly be righted without being again severed from its hold on the great body of humanity, which will never fail to go forward in perfecting itself and completing its circle of circles, spirally winding forward and upward to the development physically of truth, harmony, unity and happiness; and spiritually, of life, light, liberty, and purity, and in both spheres, impelled by Love, acting by Will, and directed by Wisdom.

The materials of which our earth is composed doubtless passed through a long period of successive and continually progressive ages and changes, before it could produce and sustain in the simplest form, a vegetable. And science as well as reason teaches us that a long time was occupied in the process of production and reproduction, growth and decay, before the vegetable kingdom could develop either the flower or the fruit. Life in its lowest form is produced in the vegetable kingdom, and the flower is the highest development or the true theology of that kingdom, corresponding to the spiritual development of humanity in its earthly sphere; and by and through the fruit is its death or transition to a new and higher manifestation of its existence. It required a long time for the earth, through the medium of vegetable productions, to produce the animal kingdom; the simplest type of which exhibits in the lowest degree, sensation, and the highest type being man, exhibits in its first and simplest degree mind or spirit, which is the flower of the animal kingdom, the specimens of which, as yet correspond only to the rudest and simplest flowers of the vegetable world. Man, the only animal on this earth that brings forth a flower, is but now just evincing signs, (after passing through the age of civilization,) of developing a flower that may be succeeded by fruit, which will be a true state of human life, guided, governed, and directed, by the spiritual man. The outward form will die, and man pass another transition to commence anew, a higher, a more glorious sphere of development. Every lover of goodness and truth will hail with joy the new philosophy, as the positive sign of a “good time coming.” It shadows forth distinctly the approaching commencement of that condition of earth and man portrayed more or less vividly, by Isaiah, Daniel, Jesus, and the Revelator, and by Swedenbourg and Fourier. The animal kingdom has yet to produce its more perfect flower, or spiritual

manifestation, and through that, its fruit, a true state of human society.

The great body of mankind guided and directed by the blind theology and philosophy of the Past, are inclined to oppose, obstruct and retard this onward progress as much as possible, wandering in darkness, ignorance, and disorder, with the back to the light, seeking by competition, strife, and antagonism, for peace and unity—seeking in filth and deformity, for purity and beauty. If men continue to seek thus, they may and will find at last, but perhaps as ignorantly and unexpectedly as the Jews found a Messiah. More light—more truth—more knowledge is what we want—is what we seek—and a concert of action, to live the life, as well as to embrace the faith, of a true Brotherhood.

W. CHASE.

CERESCO, Wisconsin, March 20th, 1843.

PEBBLES FROM THE WELL OF TRUTH.

SPIRIT is the essence or being, in contradiction to the form, or appearance: *e.g.* Man's spirit is used as something different and distinct from his body or form. So the spirit of a law is distinct from its letter or form—the spirit, or meaning, or idea of a book, from its language—the spirit of a mind, or liquor, from its body, or liquidity. The Eternal Spirit of Nature, from Nature itself, the flowing, plastic, created form of the Spirit.

And thus, in all cases, we separate that which we call the essential nature, the property, the idea of a thing, from that which appears as the thing—and of which the property, or essence, seems to be causative.

The Spirit is, in itself, without form; yet it always wills shapes and forms to express itself—or may rather be called *forming* than *formless*.

All matter is form. In other words, all matter is merely the expression which the spirit makes of the idea of extension.

All extension or form, implies change—that is, gives rise to time and space.

The soul, were it form, would be not eternal, but subject to time and space—in other words, be liable to corruption—to destruction—to mortality.

If the soul, or spiritual nature, was not the forming power, but form, in its essence, nature, or the variety that flows from the one great Spirit, could have no existence—and man would remain the prey, and the sport of the changeable, destructible nature of itself—that is, of time and space.

Spirit then forms, without being formed, wills without being willed, causes without being caused, materializes without being materialized—while form is ephemeral, flowing changeable, powerless, mechanical, and caused.

Then soul is primitive, form derivative—soul is eternal, form ephemeral—soul is essential, form phenomenal—soul is unity, form is variety—soul is cause, form effect.

z.

UNITY.

THERE is a mighty Oneness to my eyes,
In all the show of earth, and sea, and skies,
And all embrace in blissful unity,
And blend in love—and all in One agree.

In me, a part, then lives the Mighty One,
That blends me with all things beneath the sun,
Which to me dawns, while every rolling sphere
His love may feel, his call to Oneness hear.

And all that is, in beauty strives to dress,
Or with sweet music calls to its caress;
Thus harmony and beauty are the seal
Of the great Oneness, which I see, and feel

To thee, Great Oneness! I in meekness bow,
And would in harmony with all things flow;
Love then shall give me its own loveliness—
And all my life in beauteous robes shall dress.

z.

THE UNIVERCÆLUM

AND

SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER.

S. B. BRITTAN, EDITOR.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 29, 1848.

THE GREAT ERROR OF OUR AGE.

THE Men of this Age commit a fundamental error in the outset of their career. They bend all their endeavors in the struggle to change the evil circumstances around them, and totally forget, for the most part, the evil circumstances *within* them. Men tell us they are engaged in bettering their condition, but unconsciously they are uttering an enormous lie. They are making their condition worse every hour; their last state is worse than their first. Even if all their schemes prove prosperous, they are only altering the condition of the appearances around them, neglectful entirely of the realities within. There is an aching void within almost every bosom—a troubled sea of unsatisfied desire. Look closely at men's faces as they pass you in the street, and they are traced all over with the hieroglyphics of agony and trial; and look into the very soul and you shall find it scarred and burned as if by fire. Analyze men's motives, and you find them striving for the gratification of lust and pride, for gold and power wherewith to win the homage of the lovely, the caresses of the beautiful—the things that steep the senses in delirium, but enervate and degrade the soul.

We begin where we should end. Instead of seeking the kingdom of Heaven, the life of indwelling purity and virtue first, and then going out in our calm and beautiful integrity to win the desirable things of earth by patient industry and well-doing, we seek the outward wealth in the outset, and thus cultivate habits of life and modes of action which prevent us from attaining true wealth, true enjoyment. Most of us at the age when we begin to have unrestrained control of ourselves, are morally and physically diseased. Our training, our education, our association, our habits, our modes of action, have been wrong. Our Moral Natures are weak, our consciences dormant, our strength and energy of spirit but nominal. Our physical systems are loaded with either hereditary or acquired disease, and many of the passions in a condition of delirious activity. Circumstances are wrong within us. We need education both of body and soul. The body needs restoring to physical and the soul to moral sanity.

Now, did we pursue the natural order, we should endeavor by obedience to physical and moral law to restore ourselves to health; to calm the fevered passions, to cool the fevered brain, to quiet the delirious propensities, to destroy the deceitful lusts. Nature contains the remedy for all diseases, and by consulting her impressive teachings and obeying her just requirements, we shall gradually make the body beautiful and perfect—more beautiful and perfect than flower or bird, because higher in creation's scale—we should calm the troubled passions till they were restored to their natural quietude—the lion, and lamb, and little child reposing together. Cultivating the high faculties of our being, calling into exercise our powers of virtue, and integrity, and self-sacrifice; learning to meet all temptation with the firm unyielding "No," and to be, and speak, and do the Right under all circumstances, we shall gradually attain to an integrity and sublimity of character at once child-like and Christ-like, the perfect blending of the human and divine.

Then we should go out into life's duties and temptations prepared to perform the one, to overcome the other, to bear ourselves right royally in all. We should have within us as a natural power, the force of divine character, before which obstacles as hard as granite should become fluid, melted as ore by fire. We should

go out alone among strangers, and they would recognize God's mark of integrity upon the brow, and the pure and good would sympathize with us as two angels might fraternize at once on meeting, though born at the opposite poles of the Universe. We might not acquire wealth or outward greatness, but all needful things would be added to us. Angels from the high heavens would come and minister, whispering divine words of peace and blessedness. Nature would open for us her secret treasures of wealth and libraries of knowledge. Each sense and faculty whether of body or of soul, would be a minister of perpetual delight. Each one of life's unavoidable misfortunes and trials, would leave a blessing as it sped away, arching a rainbow over the dissolving storm. The kingdom of heaven would be within us, and around us the tranquillity of Paradise. Life would be a divinely acted tragedy, commencing in the Eden morning of a youth, all fragrant with piety and love—going forth in its noontide to a heroic conflict with wrong and vice and evil—ending with a Christ-like triumph on the night clad heights of age, with the eastern skies all glorious with the dawning day of heaven.

What though we should not have wealth to leave for colleges and hospitals and libraries? The legacy of a life of goodness is the best inheritance we can leave our race. Girard's College, Astor's Library may be well; but the living seed of truth and virtue, sown in the genial heart of man, outweighs them in permanent value. The statues, and paintings, and temples, and palaces of ancient and modern time—the classic wealth of Palmyra, and Rome, and Athens—the eloquence and genius that have made ten thousand names immortal—better that all of it should perish than the life of Jesus and his character of manly virtue should be lost. Nay, all of them shall perish, the breakers of the solemn Past shall sing their requiem, the temple shall crumble, and the ancient eloquence and song moan away like a dying dirge above them; but the memory of that one character shall remain in ever during influence: it cannot die. So we each of us, however poor and humble, may confer on humanity a perennial benefaction, an imperishable boon: a life of goodness we can all live, the memory of that life we can leave behind us, and its influences shall be never lost.

But alas! what lives do we live? What memories do we leave behind us? What influence do we cast into the world? We begin life wrong. We seek first sensual gratifications. When these pall on the diseased appetite, we seek power, we aspire after elevation, and when this loses its charm, we grow avaricious and seek forgetfulness in the alcoholic stimulus of gold, and when these have done their work, we rush into irritable indolence with a body festering with disease, with a memory pictured over with the damning deeds of iniquity, with affections dormant, and a soul that seems on the verge of extinction like a fallen star. Hard, hard is it for us to become pure and good and loving, to enter the kingdom of heaven when our habits and characters have hardened in the mold of sensuality. If saved, it is yet so as by fire. Easier is it for the retired speculator to build a Grace Church or Church of the Pilgrims, than to make his body a living temple for God's spirit of purity and beneficence to dwell in. Easier by far to become a shaven monk than a holy and Christ-like man. Easy is it to hire a sleek priest to preach to the people, far easier than to counteract the influence of hard heartedness and duplicity he has cursed the world with, as his last bequest.

It is well for us to remember that no change of external circumstances can benefit us, unless we are right within. The change from poverty to wealth is a curse to the madly insane man. Physical and moral regeneration, the bringing of the body into harmony with Nature and the soul into unity with God, can alone enable us to overcome circumstances of outward evil, or rightly use circumstances of external good. Nay, we cannot toil successfully for even Social Reform, until we are ourselves reformed, formed anew in the likeness of the Holiest and Best.

THE BROTHERHOOD AT CINCINNATI.

THE pending trial of Mr. Pascal B. Smith, of Cincinnati, on a charge of insanity, has disclosed some singular and most painful facts concerning the delusions of Clairvoyants, which we have previously been aware of, and which, obligations to privacy being now removed, we hasten to lay before our readers.

J. T. Mahan, a young man then employed upon an Ohio River steamboat, excited great interest in Cincinnati, about three years ago, from his wonderful powers of Clairvoyance and Magnetic sympathy. His organization being very impressible, he passed readily into the magnetic trance, and, in that condition, exhibited all of the singular faculties of mental vision commonly manifested, such as reading with closed eyes, beholding objects in distant places, and reading the unspoken thoughts of those near him. He also manifested great aptness in detecting diseases in the human system, and prescribing appropriate remedies. This last fact being known, he passed into the employment of Dr. Curtis, the President of one of the Medical Colleges of Cincinnati, and is said to have been quite skilful in the cure of disease. Afterward he left Dr. C., and took up his residence in the family of Mr. J. P. Cornell, of that place, a gentleman of keen powers of analysis and of unblemished character, then engaged in legal practice. Mr. C. had for several years been pursuing a course of examinations into the Magnetic Phenomena, and made use of Mahan's singular powers for the purpose of extending his researches. In conversation with one of our associates, who was recently in Cincinnati, and made himself familiar with the affair we are writing of, he informed him that Mahan at this time exhibited a wide sweep and wonderful clearness of Mental Vision, and brought forth a system of Physical and Intellectual Science equal, perhaps, to that given by Mr. Davis, and agreeing with it in general outline, though varying somewhat in particulars. At this time Mr. Cornell states that he was a modest and diffident young man, exhibiting great gentleness, amiability and benevolence.

About this period, May 1846, meetings were held at the Kemble street Church, for the free discussion of the great Religious and Social Questions. Rev. Messrs. Gilmore and Boucher, Mr. John O. Wattles, and other eminent and good men, met from week to week, for the purpose of endeavoring to arrive at definite conclusions on the disputed subject of Theological Science. Mr. Cornell was also in the habit of attending these meetings, and occasionally spoke in them. The result of these interviews was, that a number of most worthy men became warmly attached to each other, and conceived the idea of forming a Christian Community. They resolved to dedicate their property, "each to the other and all to God"—to form an Agricultural Association—to establish a place of business in Cincinnati, where merchandize should be sold at a small per centage, in order to place more comforts within the reach of the consuming classes, and to publish a Magazine devoted to the elucidation and discussion of the great subjects of Spiritual and Social Science. Their objects were—first, to place themselves in circumstances where all facilities should be afforded for the culture of the physical and moral nature for natural improvement and spiritual progress; secondly, to conduct business on the highest principles of Christian equity, and thus show men how to live the true life and serve God in the midst of the universal Mammon worship; thirdly, to publish to the world, from time to time, their highest thoughts and most useful discoveries, and thus to lead men's minds to the great subject of Moral and Social Reform. In the meantime, the members of the Brotherhood lived most industriously and frugally, and there existed among them a high degree of mutual confidence and love.

They went on gradually toward the realization of their ideas. One of the ablest monthly periodicals of our country passed into their hands, and contributed to by many of their number, sustained a high character for strength and energy, as well as for catholicity of spirit. They established Religious Meetings, which were well attended, and in which they endeavored to promulgate the great principles of moral equity and moral Truth. Some of the most worthy and influential men in Ohio became identified with them, and their movement gave great

promise of usefulness and success. They finally purchased a beautiful domain, on the Ohio River, erected edifices on a large scale for the purposes of their agricultural community, and built a large store in Cincinnati for the use of their business firm.

The Brotherhood was composed of men of all classes and avocations. They had not completed a definite form of organization, but the duty of mutual protection was thoroughly practiced, as well as definitely understood. The most noted men among them were Mr. J. V. Cornell, a lawyer in high standing, a man of high character, and of keen intellect—Mr. John O. Wattles, noted for his great purity of life and his enthusiastic and self-sacrificing labors on the Anti-Slavery and other Reforms—Mr. H. S. Gilmore, a clergyman of the Wesleyan Church, a man of large fortune, eminent for his integrity and benevolence, and of a singularly guileless and unsuspecting nature—Mr. L. A. Hine, Editor of the "Herald of Truth," one of the most upright and free-spirited men in the West—and Mr. Pascal B. Smith, a retired merchant from New York, a man advanced in years and much diseased in his physical system, but esteemed for his conscientious fidelity to his convictions of Right. Several of the most distinguished men in the Western States were connected with them, but did not publicly identify themselves with the movement—waiting a definite organization.

The property of the Brotherhood was large—amounting to more than \$200,000. The financial affairs were managed by Messrs. Smith, Cornell, Gilmore and Porter. This last mentioned individual passed the association, claiming to be worth \$20,000, but it is said, in reality, he was merely an agent doing business for a New York house, and was insolvent at the time. Mr. Gilmore's name was used on account of his high character, but he took little part in financial operations, being unfitted from his unsuspecting nature for business affairs. These gentlemen, after consulting with Mahan, invested large sums in real estate, hoping from its advance to realize a sum of money sufficient for the purposes of the Association. The moneyed men of the Brotherhood had the exclusive charge of its business affairs. The majority of members had little or no definite knowledge of them, and pursued their accustomed avocations, waiting the time of action.

One of the gentlemen in the business house had conceived the idea of accumulating property through Clairvoyance, for the purpose of concealing his insolvency. He succeeded in attaching Mahan to him, by costly presents, by pampering him with luxuries and accustoming him to the vices of fashionable life. Through Mahan he probably succeeded in privately persuading Mr. Smith that the powers of mental vision were unerring, and that communications were made through him from higher worlds. These three persons thus acting in concert, had the pecuniary affairs of the Brotherhood mainly under their control: Mr. Cornell acquiescing since their purchases were made with great prudence, and Mr. Gilmore taking little interest in the proceedings—being engaged in various efforts of benevolence.

In November last, Messrs. Cornell and Smith, together with Mahan and Porter, visited Wisconsin. It became known that Mr. Mahan's powers of mental vision made him a most desirable adviser in business affairs, and a number of speculators offered him \$5,000 per annum for his services in that capacity. The young man, thereafter, could only be prevailed on to remain with the Brotherhood by great pecuniary inducements. During the winter he was very extravagant, and his wishes were gratified without the knowledge of the Brotherhood, as Messrs. Porter and Smith had the main control of the funds of the association. A combination of circumstances concealed the true condition of affairs from their knowledge. Their buildings at Clermont were destroyed by the great freshet in the Ohio, and seventeen persons lost their lives. Mr. Cornell was so dangerously indisposed as to be incapacitated from attending to business. Others of the fraternity, who would at once have detected the errors, were either absent or so engrossed by other cares and duties, as to have neither time nor opportunity for investigation. During this time, Mahan's house was furnished at an expense of \$4,000, and he threw money away for luxuries with an unbounded profusion.

At length the Brotherhood began to suspect the true condition of affairs, and called a meeting of investigation. The opinion of the meeting was, that Mahan, sympathetically influenced by a person before alluded to, had succeeded in deceiving Mr. Smith very fully, and others to a certain extent. All connection was severed between the Brotherhood and the individuals alluded to. The financial affairs were placed in a train of speedy adjustment. Efforts, though unavailing ones, were made to convince Mr. Smith of the fallacy of Mahan's statements, and to save him from the delusion under which he was laboring. The views of the Brotherhood concerning Spirituality and the extent to which the Mental Vision of Clairvoyants might be relied on, were carefully placed before the public, and a condition of great Unity obtained among all concerned, and all interested continued on with a calm confidence of ultimate success.

The integrity of the Cincinnati Brotherhood cannot be questioned. The members, with perhaps two or three exceptions, were most upright and benevolent men. Their idea was a grand one, and will yet be realized. Mahan's mental vision at one time was very great, but his system became affected by his private habits, and thereupon sympathetic influences from a designing person made his statements, while in the magnetic trance, the mere echoes of that individual's wishes and desires. Very few of the members of the Fraternity had a personal knowledge of M. as a Clairvoyant, and when the character of his statements became known, the result was an instantaneous detection. We shall give our views of Mahan as a Clairvoyant—our opinion of the past extent and of the causes of his present loss of mental vision, at a future time.

AN INQUIRY.

THE following note was received some time since. The article referred to by our correspondent, was written by a friend whose answer is given below.—[ED.]

BRO. BRITTAN:—On page 72 of your paper is a quotation from Pappus' Synodocon; I have heard doubts expressed upon the subject. I went to a learned gentleman, who rather doubted it, and wished to know the page of Pappus on which it was written, as this would save him the trouble of searching the whole work.

C. DAVIS.

ANSWER.—If the learned gentleman, to whom Mr. Davis refers, will state his doubts under his own proper signature, he shall have the original passage. He must be a very *careless* "learned gentleman," to overlook so noted a passage in Pappus. Meanwhile, to convince Mr. Davis that I have not been deceiving the public in this matter, I will refer him to authors who have quoted it. See "Preface to the second English Edition of the Apocryphal New Testament," pages 14, 15; also "Taylor's Diegesis," page 432; "Bruce's N. Tes.," page 875, &c. G. S.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A ZEALOUS friend who resides at Southport, Wisconsin, has placed us under obligations by his successful efforts to extend the circulation of our paper in that region. May he be rewarded according to his works. We make a brief extract from his letter:

ED.

"I need hardly say to you, that your sheet is held in high estimation by all who become acquainted with its contents. The tone it breathes is calculated to, and indeed *does* captivate the heart of the true lover of his race, who sees amid the faults, follies, and crimes of men, much to *pity* and little to *condemn*. All human institutions consider man, and deal with him, as an isolated being, fully capable of controlling himself, and entirely independent of every thing around him. But how certain it is, that nearly all the crimes of individual members of society, are the result of the unnatural relations and false institutions which exist among us. Men are not *willingly* criminals. No man finds greater happiness in doing evil than in doing good. But how can we expect men to be good under existing circumstances and relations? A glorious work is before the real lover of his kind.

This Love is the true talisman which unseals the fountains of faith, and opens up the certainty of a glorious and triumphant future. Truth is harmony—truth must prevail, therefore harmony in the human family must be obtained, and this cannot be done while men are fighting for *creeds*, and neglecting the true *works* of love. Before the influence of the sentiments you uphold, creeds must melt like ice under a summer's sun, and they are the real barriers which divide our hearts.

I shall keep an eye to your interests in this region, satisfied that in so doing, in assisting the dissemination of your faith and doctrines, I am doing a real good to my fellows.

Yours, C. L. S."

AN ENIGMA.

I am composed of 15 letters.

My 15, 3, 5, 1, 11, and 9, are an ancient character distinguished for wisdom and guardian care.

My 1, 6, 7, 11, 13, 6, a celebrated and once beautiful town of Italy, and a favorite country residence of the ancient Romans.

My 9, 14, 15, 11, 9, a very subtle and diffusive spirit, celebrated for her many voices.

My 2, 8, 9, 12, 1, 6, a name of terror, very frequently held out by religionists to prevent people from uttering their convictions; but it is fast losing its force in these latter days.

My 9, 3, 7, 12, 9, 8, 5, 10, 12, a title often applied to a certain profession, and one would think ironically from some specimens that we meet.

My 1, 8, 7, 6, 11, 1, a beautiful dale and river of Scotland.

My 9, 2, 11, 5, 12, a large river of Switzerland and France.

My 1, 8, 7, 9, 11, 5, 6, a river of Italy, distinguished for its very beautiful cascades.

My 2, 11, 15, 3, a name that awakes the sweetest echoes in the universal heart of man.

My 15, 4, 13, 8, 1, 3, 12, 9, a ruler whose subjects have a wonderful development of firmness.

My 10, 2, 13, 11, 3, a surname of the goddess Ceres, which, from its signification, has generally been applied to women possessing beauty and simplicity.

My 2, 11, 5, 12, an instrument for sharpening, recommended to all who are troubled with dulness.

My 1, 2, 11, 9, a Scandinavian deity.

My 10, 13, 14, 3, a means by which the unfortunate but devoted Ariadne rescued her lover, the ungrateful Theseus from the horrible Minotaur—and something which you will want to lead you through the labyrinth of this enigma; so, when you find it you will please give an answer, remembering that my *WHOLE* is one of the most distinguishing features of the times—a something which, if you only take, will never *take you in*.

G.

"THE ODD FELLOW'S AMULET: or the principles of Odd Fellowship defended; the objections to the Order answered, and its advantages maintained, with an address to the public, the ladies and the Order. By D. W. Bristol."

We are indebted to C. G. Graham & Co., for a copy of this volume devoted to an exposition of the principles and practices of Odd Fellowship; an institution which is probably doing more to lighten and remove the burden of human misery than any other institution in this country.

The Amulet is beautiful in appearance, and from a cursory glance at its contents, we are satisfied it will be read with interest and profit.

C. G. Graham & Co., have recently established themselves under the most favorable auspices in the publishing and book business, and are prepared to receive and answer all orders in their line with promptness and fidelity. All the cheap publications and light and fancy goods, will be forwarded to any part of the United States free of postage. Address C. G. Graham & Co., 30 Ann street, New York.

T. L. HARRIS will preach in Rev. Mr. Baker's Church, Fourth-street, between Avenue B and C, on Sunday afternoon, April 30, at 3½ o'clock.

Poetry.

(Written for the Universalist and Spiritual Philosopher.)

EXTRACT FROM AN UNPUBLISHED POEM, ENTITLED
**THE INVOCATION,
AND THE VISION OF FAITH.**

BY NELSON BROWN.

THOU all pervading God! All live in Thee!
Each human heart throbs by the greater HEART;
Each yearning soul of immortality—
The mystic spirit-flame, of Thee a part;—
Thou hast the key of each frail mortal shrine,
Whene'er thou wilt, hence soars the wondrous spark divine.
Thou hast the keys of NATURE. By thy hand
Almighty, do all orbs in glory roll—
Thou art the central Heart of all—the grand,
The mystic energizing pulse and soul!
Thy thoughts gleam out from all thy wondrous laws;
Their inner force shows forth their first and mighty Cause.

* * * * *

Where spring the tiny seeds to infant life,
And onward thence to ripe and golden grain,
Where wafts the breeze, with grateful fragrance rife
From garden flowers, when falls the gentle rain—
Where warble birds in each green, waving tree,
Gladfning our hearts with their sweet minstrelsy—
Where mid green meadows, laughs the merry stream,
Murm'ring soft music ever in its flow—
Where in the sun-light, its pure waters gleam,
And hill, and dale, and sky, with beauty glow,
Thy beaming presence ever smiling there
Irradiates all life with life more fair.

Where mountain waves upon old Ocean dash—
Glowing like liquid amber in the light
Of half veiled stars—where echoing thunders crash,
And lightnings gleam athwart the brow of night—
Where'er is heard the storm-king's giant roar,
There art thou, God, in thy sublime and awful power!

* * * * *

Though God, hast written o'er heaven's boundless scroll
A starry language, wonderful and bright;
There myriad worlds, in awful grandeur roll
Like flaming chariots o'er their paths of light;
From the far center, to heaven's sparkling coasts,
Thy guiding force is felt by all the shining hosts!
Howlett Place, March, 1848.

(Written for the Universalist and Spiritual Philosopher.)

THE VOYAGERS.INSCRIBED TO MY BROTHER,
BY THEODORE H. PRICE.

HAPPY Voyagers were we,
Gliding o'er Life's placid stream:
Seven in all with spirits free;
Ah! it seems now all a dream.
Seven in all we sped along,
'Mid the sunshine and the flowers,
While the light and merry song,
Told what happiness was ours.
And the brook went on its way,
Singing like a gladsome child,
Winding where the sunbeams play,
Gliding through the woodland wild.
Sunshine gleaming over head,
Sunshine filling every heart,
Not a care to us was wed,
That could sadness e'er impart.

But a storm arose one day,
And a Voyager departed,
Whither, then we could not say,
But it left us all sad hearted.
Ah, we missed its presence bright,
As we journeyed on our way,
Wond'ring why it left our sight,
In another land to stray.

Years like pleasant dreams have flown,
Two now stem the tide together,
One by one the barks went down,
In the dark and stormy weather.
All alone we glide along,
But Life's sky seems now less fair,
For the memories 'round us throng,
Taking us where angels are!

Ah, the river's growing wide,
And the current, oh how deep!
While away we swifter glide,
Where the winds no longer sleep.
Soon the land will fade from sight,
And the Ocean storms be ours,
Day will dwindle into Night,
Gone will be Life's summer hours.

We will nobly bear our part,
Though the winds may adverse be,
For we know a Father's heart
Yearns to greet us o'er the sea.
O'er the trackless waste we roam,
By the storm and tempest driven,
We are hastening toward home,
There to greet the loved in Heaven!

New York, April, 1848.

SPIRITUAL BEAUTY.

And there is a beauty of the spirit; mind in its perfect flowering,
Fragrant, expanded into soul, full of life and blessed.
Go to some squallid couch, some famishing death-bed of the poor;
He is shrunken, cadaverous, diseased;—there is here no beauty
of the body.

Never hath he fed on knowledge, nor drank at the streams of
science;
He is of the common herd, illiterate;—there is here no beauty
of the reason.

But lo, his filmy eye is bright with love from heaven,
In every look it beameth praise, as worshiping with seraphs;
What honeycomb is hived upon his lips, eloquent of praise and
prayer;

What triumph shined serene upon that clammy brow,
What glory flickering transparent under those thin cheeks,—
What beauty in his face!—Is it not the face of an angel?

TUPPER.

INTELLECTUAL BEAUTY.

THERE is a beauty of the reason: grandly independent of ex-
ternals,
It looketh from the windows of the house, shining in the man
triumphant.

I have seen the broad blank face of some misshapen dwarf,
Lit on a sudden as with glory, the brilliant light of mind:
Who then imagined him deformed? Intelligence is blazing on
his forehead;

There is empire in his eye, and sweetness on his lip, and his
brown cheek glittereth with beauty:

And I have known some Nireus of the camp, a varnished para-
gon of chamberers,
Fine, elegant, and shapely, molded as the master-piece of
Phidias—

Such a one with intellects abased, have I noted crouching to the
dwarf,

While his lovers scorn the food whose beauty hath departed.

TUPPER.

Miscellaneous Department.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN OLD CHIMNEY.

CHAPTER VIII.

NEVER did there break a fairer morning than the next. The snow had been followed by rain, which, congealing as it fell, had encrusted the whole forest, and every particular shrub and tree, was one wide sheen of flashing ice; and as the sun rose, the brightness was painful to the eye. Nothing could be more magnificent. All the gorgeous conceptions of oriental story, and of song, would have paled in the wide-spreading refulgence, from which human vision shrunk blinded. Imagination, herself, dropped her creative scepter at the feet of Truth, owning herself vanquished by the splendid Reality. Every old plant of the last year had put on holiday robes; and every withered calyx wore its tiara of ice-gems, that flashed like diamonds in the intense sun-beams. The dried grasses shot out their glistening points, like fairy spears; and the gleaming sedge waved to and fro in the morning wind, like the bright, keen lance of gnome, or sylph.

Argall was astir with the earliest dawn, and making preparations for again getting his ship under way. He had been seen in close conversation with the two brothers the evening before; and there was every reason to suppose that they had informed him of the existence and position of the Fort, if not of the hiding-place of Emilie. The first of these fears was directly confirmed; for they saw his ship entering the harbor, and making directly toward Manhattan. The Commandant immediately collected his forces together, and followed; and he finally reached home a little in advance of the ship; for Argall, being wholly unacquainted with the harbor, dared not move so fast as he might have done. Soon, however, he cast anchor below Kapee, and came to land. He appeared much surprised at the sight of the little settlement, with its stockade of rough stone wall; and he evidently expected to find his captive there. To this end he instituted a close search through all the premises, which Van Courtlandt, in order to show his entire innocence, or ward off the blame from himself, permitted—and even encouraged. But the policy failed of its full fruits. The irritated Englishman, foiled in his expectations, immediately proceeded to take formal possession of the Fort, and to demand the submission of the chief magistrate.

"By what right do you make this demand?" asked Van Courtlandt.

"By the right, and in the name of the crown of England," was the pompous reply. He then represented that King James had made a grant of the land to the Earl of Stirling, by letters patent under the great seal of England, that the Scots long before the arrival of the Dutch had established a colony; that the Duke of York had purchased the right of the heirs of the Earl of Stirling; and hence the English had a legal claim to the land.

"The first of these assertions is far from being true," returned Van Courtlandt. He then showed that Henry Hudson was the first discoverer of the country—he acting, at the time, in the employ of their High Mightinesses, the States General of Holland, by whose authority their settlement had commenced, and was sustained.

But words, however true, or logical they might be, would go but little way toward defending the Commandant or his people, against heavy iron pounders. Indeed, it seemed quite true that "the better part of valor is discretion;" so that discreet functionary submitted himself formally to the Governor of Virginia, as a representative of his Majesty of England; and the document to that effect was, furthermore, garnished with a promise of yearly tribute. After this business was completed, Argall reembarked—soon after weighing anchor for his departure.

Just before this happened, Scipio, who possessed an intuitive perception of the character and motives of persons, came running into the cabin, his eyes distended with the importance of his mission; and drawing Cornelius aside, he whispered:

"Ah, Massa Con! dem wicked Jan show Massa Gall where

pleasniny be! Ah, Massa Con! dem feller got big eye, see all e way roun him head!"

This information was repeated to the Commandant, who smarting under the indignity to which he had just submitted himself, entered into the feeling with a good will. He immediately summoned the brothers to his presence, and issued orders for them to visit a trading post, in a direction opposite to that of the place of refuge. This maneuver, however, had the desired effect. The guilty brothers were daunted into obedience, though evidently chagrined, they yielded to the will of their superior; but circumstances afterward showed that they made an attempt to cross over a swamp, so as to reach the place of retreat by following a straight line; but they got entangled in the marsh, and were delayed so long, that they finally gave up the whole adventure.

As the ship passed out into the East River, the Indians, who were somewhat indignant at the niggardly spirit of their late visitors, who had given them no presents, set up a howl of mingled exultation and contempt.

Meanwhile, Cornelius, attended by a faithful band of Indians, crossed over to Seawanhacky; and, by a shorter path, which the latter knew, proceeded to the wigwam, in order to apprise Mongotucksee of the probable attack. But Argall was too sensible a man, and quite too able a calculator, to incur such a risk; for, as it appeared, he did not make another landing; and very soon the scouts, who had been stationed along the coast to watch his motions, reported that the ship had left the harbor.

The conduct of Argall after the assistance he had received from Cornelius, Mongotucksee, and the Indians, appears almost incredible, since he never manifested the least ray of gratitude, or acknowledgment, toward those to whom he was indebted, not only for his life, but for the safety of his ship and friends. But there is a certain class of minds who seem always to act upon the impression, that an opportunity to oblige *them*, must be a great favor to any one who is able to catch it; and, in fact, is honor enough, without any waste of words, or kindness, on the occasion. A heart with so little sensibility to the self-sacrificing heroism which had given him life, in the face of perils the most awful, one would think must be the heart of a monster; and I have an impression that if one compares with this, other features of his public career, they will be found to have the same character.

Soon after the departure of Cornelius, Scipio came cautiously stealing to his master's side; for the old gentleman, wholly overcome by his late exertions and anxieties, had fallen fast asleep in his large chair. The Negro put wood on the fire, swept the hearth with a large turkey's wing; and then, seating himself on a low stool at his master's feet, he looked on the old man's face with an expression of deep and unutterable love. It might have been the intensity of his gaze, and the thought which it uttered, that woke the sleeper; for he started suddenly; and fixing his eyes on the servant, said: "Ha, Scip! is that you? I thought that cursed Argall had returned; but, come here, Scipio." He extended his hand, and the dark one of the Negro was immediately, and frankly, placed within it. "Scipio," continued Van Courtlandt, "you are now a man—you are free. Your noble conduct has been faithfully reported to me. It is said that to your courage is, doubtless, owing the safety of the whole, as in the frantic state of the sailors and passengers, the boat of Mongotucksee would have been sunk from overloading; had not you been there, my brave boy, with another boat, and as true and strong a heart as ever warmed human bosom."

"Yes, Scip," he added with strong emotion; "had it not been for your doing, I should this hour have been childless, and my gray hairs would surely have gone down in sorrow to the grave." The Commandant drew the dark form of the servant to his bosom; for his deep gratitude overcame every other feeling, as he uttered: "God bless you, my boy! God bless you!"

Then checking his emotion he added: "Is there any place where you would rather live than here? If there is I will give you means to go and live wherever you may choose."

For a moment the face of the Negro turned absolutely livid with emotion. Drawing close to his master's ear, he whispered:

"She be dead, now, Massa, no go back Africky. Nobody know him—nobody lub him dere." But his face brightened again, as he continued: "Lib wid Massa Van—Lib wid Massa Con—Scip happy den, as day is long! Canny go way. Ah, Massa! Love is de strongest chain! Scip neber true slave till you make him free!"

And here let me add, that in this simple heart-burst of the poor Negro, is the whole spirit of the great law of Right, as connected with the liberties of man. It contains within itself the essence of all Social Philosophy. If thou would'st bind thy brother to thy interest, cast about him the chain of Kindness—make fast the golden links of Love—for they are stronger than all other bonds; they are omnipotent over death itself; and, in their very nature, wholly indestructible.

In the course of a few days the beautiful Emilie was able to bear the fatigue and exposure of a removal to Manahatta; and she took possession of an apartment in the Commandant's cabin, consisting of an entire new wing, constructed expressly for her accommodation, and that of Faunie, who was also an invited guest. The first sympathy of the two young girls was fast ripening into friendship, and they were seldom many moments asunder. They were admirably calculated to supply each other's wants. Both were beautiful, but so wholly different there could be no rivalry.

Emilie possessed in a very high degree the vivacity and brilliancy of her countrywomen; but there was, too, a something more than these—a delicate and spiritual beauty, which shone through the clear pearl-tint of her complexion, and seemed to play with a soft lambent glory round every feature: and like a lamp shining from within its alabaster shade, it was softer, and lovelier, because its medium of communication with the outer world was not wholly transparent.

Her eyes were of that changeful blue, whose deep darkness seems like a shadow of the Infinite. In the evening they appeared wholly black; but in the day time they wore only the deepened cerulean of the sky. She had a fawn-like grace of form and motion; and the expression of her face was tender, and confiding as that of the young doe. This was occasionally varied by a beautiful and child-like vivacity, which was perhaps the strongest natural characteristic of her manner, though it had been subdued by circumstances which had forced her into a premature development of stronger and deeper feeling: and through all these would often come welling up, as from the inmost soul, radiations of intenser thought, investing her with a spiritual glory, where the soul was unfolding its wings for a higher flight.

Her hair was of that dark and changeful hue, which in the shade appears almost black, but catches from every gleam of sunshine a tinge of its deepest and purest gold. And it was disposed, too, in modes as changeful as the wing of Fancy. Sometimes it was governed only by the first law of its nature, and fell over the shoulders in a luxuriant sweep of curls, giving to her versatile features the expression of a perfect sylph; then it was gathered at the back of the head, and confined by a single knot of gay ribbon at the crown, imparting the classic effect of a Grecian statue. Then again it was shaded by a rich veil of black lace wrought in colors, which she had worn on the evening of her landing. This single external ornament in the form of dress, which had been left to her by the accident of her position, was occasionally twisted into a turban, and gave to her fair brow, and finely molded features, a character at once oriental and Madonna-like.

The child of genius and enthusiasm, to whose charmed eye Nature unseals her divinest mysteries, has almost always an expression of consciousness of the privilege it enjoys; and so it was with Emilie. Every feature spoke of this favored intimacy with the Pure, the Beautiful, and the True; but one could no more analyze the effect she produced in the whole, than he could analyze the mysterious vital principle itself, or the proportions of a disembodied soul—for the very reason that the Finite has no measure for the Infinite.

Equally perfect in form and feature, and of equally high natural gifts, the gentle Faunie, under other circumstances might have reached even this high perfection of beauty; but now her

large gazelle-like eyes for which the Indian woman is so remarkable, had a wandering but earnest expression—as if the soul were looking forth in pursuit of something better, purer, higher—something which its own instincts perceived would be more congenial with itself, and which should at once bless, and elevate, and become a portion of its own infinitude. This belonged only to her periods of exaltation, when she was filled with a vague perception of a great and undiscoverable glory, and she was reaching out from the dark region of her Actual, to the fair Ideal that lay beyond. She was far more gentle and delicate than the women of her tribe; for the finer soul ever tends toward a finer expression of itself; but her development was circumscribed, and a nature that might have realized the highest ultimate of the human being, was imprisoned by the impassable barriers of position and circumstance.

How pleasant it is to know that such spirits will, in a higher sphere, be relieved of the thrall that has bound them in this; and that with the first revelation of the absolute glories of their destiny, shall come also a will, and a strength for their full achievement. How beautiful, how grand, how thrilling, must be the sensations of that moment, when they shall first look upward through the continually unfolding spiral of Eternity, and comprehend, and know, the sublime infinitude of their progress, until they perceive its ultimate in the perfect expansion that embraces all nature, and God, in the fulness of divine unity.

From conceptions like these it is difficult to come back to the struggles, the necessities, the wearisome littleness of earth. But while we remember that our duties, as well as our position, are yet here; and that this is a necessary section in the path of Progress, we shall see the glories of the Future beaming over the frowning battlements of the Present, and the wings of Heaven will be unfolded in the midst of Earth.

Could we only catch a clear view of our own high destiny—could we only see ourselves as we are, and perceive our true relations with Nature and with God—could we only enter into the fulness of Love, which is the great law of life, though from it we have unnaturally estranged and alienated ourselves, there is no human being in the universe—there is no soul of man anywhere but would fly to its true position, as naturally and irresistibly as a newly developed sun to its orbit—and all violence and all wrong would cease, and only Love be left in the single majesty of its omnipotence. Love is at once the beginning and the end, the basis and the highest ultimate of all happiness. How important then that these beautiful and sublime truths should be spread abroad; and we should entreat men—ay, with prayers and tears entreat them to reunite the congenial interests which have been so long divorced from each other. Then would they find that all beauty, all wealth, and all happiness, would become infinitely exalted, for every selfish effort of happiness defeats itself; and all unnatural monopoly of wealth and power contains within itself a curse. The equilibrium of nature must be preserved in the social condition; and legitimate happiness is born only of wedded Love and Truth, and like its parents is diffusive and infinite. Hence, whoever occasions any interruption of this law, shall find that not only the aggrieved party will suffer by the act, but the injury will be reflected back with tenfold power on the aggressor; and not only so, but will affect the whole social organism through all its manifold combinations, just as any injury of a single member of the body affects the health of the whole. The human family is one; and whenever any monopoly of supposed good, which is wholly unnatural and monstrous, is made to act upon it, or any of its parts a want is created which diminishes the necessary vitality on the one hand, while a plethoric and morbid accumulation of energy takes place on the other. Both of these conditions are equally indicative of disease in the social body; and both of them continue to attract to themselves an endless variety of disturbing and destructive forces. But the equilibrium of rights, of duties, and of position in these days exhibits a strong tendency to self-restoration; and when this is effected, there will be no need of taking pains for any further steps, because all other reforms will follow as a necessary result of this, or I should rather say they would be all included in this.

Wonderful it is to see the ameliorating influence of woman, even under the most unfavorable circumstances. The cabin of

Van Courtlandt was no longer the mere rude lodge of a band of hunters and rough traders; but it had insensibly grown into a more convenient fitness — into something like a manifestation of beauty and elegance; for a refined and delicate taste, which is one of the true feminine instincts, will make an effort to express itself everywhere, though it may be compelled to act only on the grossest and most unseemly materials. Many deformities had disappeared from the domestic arrangements, and conveniences the most simple had taken their places — and again these were converted into objects of ornament and taste.

All unconsciously the Commandant had taken the young stranger to his bereaved heart, until at last he came to doat on her so entirely that he was uneasy if she left the cabin even for a few hours.

All the different parties soon came to comprehend each other's language, or rather, on a kind of central basis they had established a compound of their own, which answered every purpose of verbal expression. But it soon came to be feared that the earthly mission of the fair Emilie would, ere long, be accomplished. Her constitution had received a fatal shock, and a pulmonary disease became apparent; but still its advances were so stealthy, so flattering, that neither herself nor her friends would believe that the grave was yawning at her feet; yet such was the fact. But I anticipate.

During the long winter evenings the young people amused themselves in a variety of ways. They read together, and Cornelius instructed his new friend and the gentle Faunie in the beautiful science he so dearly loved, while they in turn, helped him to arrange his Herbarium. They all had stories to tell of their previous lives, and the habits of their people; and so the winter wore away, and spring returned.

Cornelius and Emilie were as naturally attracted to each other as two confluent streams. It was beautiful to see their love. It was so pure, so truthful, so tender, so perfect in its unconscious happiness. And how was Mongotucksee affected — he, the child of imagination and passion — he who had saved her life at the peril of his own — he who had borne her in his arms and felt her pulses beating against his bosom? Every faintest heart-throb had left on that bosom an eternal echo — an echo that woke him in the still midnight — that arrested him in the chase — that subdued him in the fight. He had looked upon her at first rather as a vision — a celestial visitant — a daughter of the fair South-West, where his own simple faith told him dwelt the spirits of the beautiful and the brave. But when he perceived the human sympathies of her being, an overwhelming torrent of passionate feeling awoke within him. Was this a woman whom his friend approached so familiarly that they had seemed to become incorporated, as if their dual being had been wrought into a perfect unity? Had the Great Spirit any where upon the earth, blessed men with companions like this? He looked upon her at first with wonder, almost with alarm. He could have bowed down before her with the deepest reverence. He trembled, brave as he was, but to touch the border of her robe. He looked upon her large spiritual eyes, her fair round arms, the dark rings of her glossy hair, soft and luxuriant as tendrils of the vine, and he knew not that it was love that invested them with such a strange glory.

But rapidly he comprehended the true position of the case. The young lovers sought to be alone. His friendly attentions almost seemed obtrusive, so wholly were they absorbed in each other. He perceived that civilization had enclosed them in an inner circle of light and love which he might not enter, might scarcely dare approach. They were on a more elevated plane than himself. His pride was humbled, and, for the first time in his life, he felt himself a savage. When he first perceived this a pang shot through his heart fiercer and bitterer than death. Yet almost with the same impulse that woke these overwhelming passions, came the divine will to subdue, to be stronger than the strongest, to be true, not only in the outer action, but the inner thought; true to his friendship, and his friend. It was the subjection of the senses to reason — of selfishness to the holiest love. Mongotucksee, in that brief struggle, wrought out, and developed, a moral power and grandeur which can never be transcended, for it is the crown-jewel of the man, the brightest

and holiest offering the human heart ever laid upon the shrine of duty. And he had his reward. He felt it in the returning pride of his enlarged and nobler nature — in the restored confidence and affection which had been partially estranged from his friend — and, above all, in the complete victory he had obtained over a passion which was exalted and beautified, by a new, delicious and all-absorbing sentiment. He rejoiced with a high and holy joy, for he knew he had accomplished what required the strongest effort of the soul to achieve. Henceforth he could be the kindest and most watchful of brothers, the tenderest and most devoted of friends.

These reflections and resolutions were very naturally suggested one fine spring morning as he drew his sister apart from the lovers, and left them to pursue their way together along the shaded windings of a pleasant forest path; for with the intuitive delicacy of his nature, he felt that they would, and should, be alone.

Hand in hand they wandered away through those lovely solitudes, until it seemed as if the spirit which pervaded their young hearts had penetrated all things. The shadows of the painful past had never been wholly withdrawn from the sunny heart of Emilie, though she was ever struggling to get back into the clearer and purer light which was her native element. The uncertainty that hung over her mother's fate was a source of perpetual anxiety; and because she felt that it was selfish to cast these gloomings over the happiness of her friends, she dwelt on the subject with intenser thought; nor could all the blissful dreaminess which invested the realities of the present exclude the fond memories, and the painful fears, that ever clung around that dear and devoted parent.

Now she was even sadder than usual, and yet she was happy, infinitely happier than she had ever been before, for she had a clearer revelation of the love she both felt and inspired, than had hitherto been permitted.

Up to this hour they had never spoken of love, but now their clasped hands were thrilling with its power. They were folded together in one being, and felt no necessity of words to explain to them their perfect unity; for spirit spoke directly to spirit, and heart to heart, and needed no medium of artificial language to come as interpreter between them.

The path they had taken was fringed with violets, and the sweet flowers looked up to them so tenderly, it seemed as if their blue eyes were melting with love. The delicate anemone had hung its clustering bells, fair as if molded from the virgin snow, their whiteness glowing with the softest tinge of sunset, beneath copse and brushwood; the hepatica looked out from the dark brown leaves, like the starry eyes of Hope from the dim shadows of the Present, and the trailing arbutus breathed out its rich perfume like an incense of pure joy. The willows along the streams were already green, and the tender leaves of the forest trees had begun to appear. The blue bird, the thrush, and all other birds, were singing their songs of love, and the brooks chaunted a chorus in praise of their newly found liberty; while the responding hearts that listened throbbed in perfect unison with the divine harmony. And they were attracted even more closely together, and they spoke to each other with even clearer utterance, though without a word, for a word, then, had been profane, until the first sacred embrace, the first holy kiss of love, consecrated the hour. The guardian angels that hovered around them, smiled with blessing upon their pure rapture, as they scattered ambrosial fragrance from their dewy wings.

They sat down together upon a sunny hill slope, striving to give utterance to the unutterable. The foreshadowing of a beautiful life, sweeter, tenderer, holier, even than the elysium of the present, passed in review before them.

Suddenly the cheek of the girl was blanched to ghostly whiteness, and then was suffused with a bright hectic flush, while her whole countenance was expressive of a strange terror.

"What is it? Speak, Emilie, my heart's love," cried Cornelius, kneeling at her feet, as he clasped her hands in his own, looking up into her face in wild alarm.

"Ah, I know not, Cornelius," she answered, "but it seemed as if a cold arm had interposed itself between us. Then a pale

strange image went before my eyes, and I thought it had my own features. Tell me, O tell me what this can mean?"

It was in vain that he strove to comfort and reassure her. The impression of that hour was never erased. And so a shadow fell upon their happiness, for it was more refulgent than could exist among our cold earth-vapors; and even then it was unfurling its wings for Heaven.

THE OLD MUSICIAN.

The shades of evening were about to close on a dull, cold, rainy day in November. Lamps began to be kindled, and glared redly through the mist. Blazing fires in kitchen, parlor, and drawing-room became more evident, and looked provokingly comfortable to passers-by as they lighted up the faces of those gathered around. The savory steam of dinner came from areas, and mixed with the unsavory fog without. Men hurried along wrapped up in cloak and great-coat; some with a contented homeward-bound look, which evinced that their labors for the day were at an end; others with a discontented air of business, indicative of work to come. The rain descended in a steady drizzle—the gutters were running—and all was mud and water.

In the middle of the road, in a half-quiet street, a man stood playing on the violin. It was dismally comic. The whole out-of-door world was suggestive of suicide—and this man was playing lively hornpipes and country dances. But though his music was merry, his face was sad.

He was old and very shabby. Sixty years had fallen on him, and fallen heavily. His face was pale and wrinkled—his form bent—his hair a silvery white. He was dressed in a worn-out, thread-bare, patched suit of black. The rain had soaked through his poor garments, and streamed from his wretched hat. The violin shone with an unnatural polish. It was an unpropitious state of things for violin-playing—where there exists any necessity to play in tune.

People paid small attention to him. Some laughed—some said that he looked poor—and others that he looked wet. At last a policeman came up and told him to "move on." The old man, with an air of humiliation, immediately ceased from ear-torturing—put the violin and bow under his arm—and shuffled away with his hands in his pockets. He "moved on."

The night had now completely arrived in all its desolation. The old fiddler had been out in the rain for several days, and on every day his health had become worse. He felt scarcely alive: feeble to a degree, and cold as a stone. He resolved to seek his lodging at once, and go to bed and try to get warm. Sea-coal and blankets are good in November, but he had none of them.

He came to the house, situated in a squalid and poverty-stricken district, and was mounting the dirty, decayed staircase, when his landlady encountered him, and, putting her arms a-kimbo, stood directly in his way.

"Now, old gentleman," said she, "when am I to get your money? Here you've been a living in my house better nor three weeks, and not a halfpenny I've had yet. This is the third time of asking, remember. I never let any of my other lodgers go over the week—only you've a respectable sort of look about you, and I don't like to be hard. Ah! I've lost a deal that way!"

"You shall have your money directly, my good lady," said the old man, supporting himself by the bannister—for he had grown almost too weak to stand.

Her money! He had been out all day; he had played unceasingly airs that are most wont to please; all might see that he was in extreme want; and many had seen it who were in want of nothing: he had been out all day—and he brought home fourpence at night.

"Directly!" repeated the landlady; "come, that's good now—that is! Here you've got a nice attic all to yourself, which many a gentleman, born and bred, has n't got no better; and

when the landlady comes on you for her lawful rent, she's put off with 'directly!' It won't do, old gentleman—it won't do!"

"To-morrow; I will pay you to-morrow!" exclaimed the debtor.

"Ah, to-morrow never comes!" said the landlady. "To-morrow is just the same as 'never.' I'd as lief anybody said 'I'll pay you never' as 'I'll pay you to-morrow.'"

"Upon my word, I'll pay you to-morrow!" repeated the old man, who seemed ready to cry.

"Well, I dare say you will if you can," said the landlady, softening, in spite of her rapacity, at his air of utter depression: "I dare say you will; and if you don't, I must see and do something. I'm a poor widow, and I'm obliged to look sharp after every penny. Howsomever, as I've said, I don't want to be hard—so we'll talk about it to-morrow. Good night, old gentleman!"

"Good night—good night!" said the old man in a broken voice.

He ascended the staircase with difficulty; and, as he did so, he muttered indistinctly, and as if to himself, "To-morrow—to-morrow—to-morrow!"

The landlady watched him until he disappeared on the landing above, and then turned away with a sigh. There was a power in that old pale face, and that prematurely bent figure, and that white hair, and (above all) in that look of passive endurance, which was sufficient to melt the heart of a landlady. To any other lodger she would have been insolent, and blustering, and unyielding; but to the poorest of all—to a garret-lodger—she was mild and considerate. Her destiny in the world had injured, but not entirely corrupted, her original nature.

The sun shone brightly on the morning following. The mist had cleared off, the air was mild, and spring seemed to have returned. Cheerfulness had taken the place of gloom. Fiddlers in the street shall not fiddle in vain, and hornpipes and country dances shall find listeners.

But our old fiddler has not come forth to take advantage of the change. The other lodgers in the house have departed—but the garret Orpheus still remains idle. The landlady in vain expected his appearance, and at last began to fear that he was ill. She remembered that he had walked very feebly on the previous evening—and that he had spoken in a very low voice—and that his face was paler and more wo-begone than ordinary. She ascended to the topmost landing, and knocked at the door of his room. No answer was returned. She attempted to open it—but found it locked. With the assistance of a carpenter, who happened to be in the house, the door was forced, and they entered the apartment.

The old man was half-lying, half-sitting in bed, with his head propped up by the pillow, and the scanty bed-clothes drawn to his chin. He appeared at first to be sleeping; but when the landlady and the carpenter approached nearer, they found that he was dead and quite cold. He had passed quietly from a life-like death, to death itself. On the floor, by the bed-side, was a bottle which had served for a candlestick, and in the neck of which an inch of candle had guttered itself away unheeded. An elegantly-bound book was lying on the counterpane, which the old man had apparently been reading, and had put down to die. Close by the bottle-candlestick were his clothes carefully disposed, and on the top of them lay the violin and bow.

The entire property found after his death amounted to sevenpence in money—the articles enumerated above—and the portrait of a young and handsome woman, set in a gold frame, which was discovered, on examination, suspended to his neck by a black ribbon. What recollections were connected with the gorgeously-bound book, and the gold-framed portrait, so strangely contrasting with the thread-bare clothes, it is impossible to say. The despised street fiddler had once, perhaps, played in drawing-rooms to admiring friends. He solicits charity, and suffers contempt, no more.

MORAL.—The most miserable of all misery is that which wears the outward covering of gaiety; it is well when the mirth it excites in us is but the outward covering of pity.

REVELATIONS OF THE DIVINE.

BY T. L. HARRIS.

Nor in the thunder-peal that shakes the Heaven,
 Not in the shoutings of the mighty Sea,
 Not where the fire-wave rolls from mountains riven,
 Not where the desolating whirlwinds flee,
 Not where the crystal streamlets chime their stories,
 Not in the crash of elemental wars,
 Not in the seasons with their changeful glories,
 Not in the skies with sun and moon and stars—
 Not there alone are heard the tones supernal
 Struck from the silence by Almighty Wings,
 Not there alone resound the Truths Eternal
 Breathed from the Spirit of the King of Kings.

Though Nature is a veil, of lightnings woven,
 Most beautiful and glorious to see,
 And registers in each progressive motion
 The beatings of the Heart of Deity;
 Yet, through its folds, His loftiest Revelations
 Of Law and Essence have been never made;
 His voice, that awes and thrills the adoring Nations
 Comes not with sensual imagery arrayed.
 It ripples, bathed in everlasting splendor,
 Through veins where Deity hath ever ran
 And speaks, in tones with Love's rich breathings tender
 From the child-lips and heaven-bright Soul of Man.

Not they who arrogate the name "Reformer,"
 Yet light God's altar with unhallowed fire,
 Not they who stand like saints at every corner,
 Masking their lustful hearts in white attire,
 Not they, who, thrall'd by Sense, voluptuous breathings
 Call from the Lyre as pours melodious wine,
 Not they whose lips are curled with serpent wreathings,
 Who fetter with a creed the Love Divine;
 Not they who follow in the train of Fashion,
 And cringe to win the Popular Applause,
 Not they enslaved to luxury or passion
 May Teach Mankind the Everlasting Laws.

They who have borne the cross of scorn and sorrow,
 Enduring all with still forgiving love,
 They who would nought from creeds of falsehood borrow,
 Waiting the Revelation from above.
 They who have faltered not when friend grew foeman,
 But trod through martyr-flames their fearless way;
 They who have wavered not when rose-lipped Woman
 Would lead them with her blandishments astray.
 They who have ministered at Faith's pure altar,
 And in the robes of holiest virtue trod,
 They speak, in tones that vary not or falter,
 The Truths of Heaven—the Oracles of God!

God speaketh in their lives of truth and beauty;
 God speaketh in their words of Prophet-fire;
 God speaketh in their acts of loving duty,
 And noiseless charities that never tire.
 And haloed round with everlasting luster
 They shine transfigured in the Might of Soul,
 And thronging generations round them cluster,
 To hear the music from their spirits roll.
 For them Earth shines more joyfully and fairer;
 Each word and deed of Right lives on for aye;
 Each heart-beat of their lives to Man brings nearer,
 The golden sunrise of the Eden Day!

EARLY RISING ON A FINE MORNING.—We will here add that life never perhaps feels with a return of fresh and young feeling upon it, as in early rising on a fine morning, whether in country or town. The healthiness of it, the quiet, the consciousness of having done a sort of young action (not to add a wise one,) and the sense of power it gives you over the coming day, produce a mixture of lightness and self-possession in one's feelings, which a sick man must not despair of because he does not feel it the first morning.—[Leigh Hunt.

As Astronomy, Geology, Chemistry, &c., are the interpretations of outward Nature, so are Revelation and Theology but the interpretations of the inward spirit of Nature. And as the common Arts are but the application of the laws revealed by Science, so Religion is the application of spiritual principles and spiritual science to the life; it is emphatically the highest, noblest Art of life. Theology is the Science, Religion the Art, Theology is the Theory, Religion the Practice. Theology is but the Speculation, the Philosophy; Religion, the living, practical, all-important Thing. And nothing can be more false and dangerous than the popular tendency that mistakes Theology for Religion, that can exalt Theology above Religion, and make mere Creed, Belief, Speculation, the all-important Thing.

[Theology and Religion, by Rev. J. Richardson.

CONSCIENCE.—When conscience is enlightened and refined, of course it is an excellent guide for a man's conduct, but not otherwise. Notwithstanding this, the conscience of every man is generally better than his actions. It is a step or two in advance even in the most ignorant and depraved. There is a still small voice that tells the thief and the swindler that what he is doing is not right. The voice he cannot still; and it makes him a sneak and a coward, in spite of himself. He feels that he would be a more expert knave without it; and would, perhaps, gladly silence it, for the invigoration of his nerves. But it haunts him for ever. Even on the scaffold, or in the garret, when he drinks the poison, or applies the loaded pistol to his mouth, it is still there—something better than himself—a counsellor to whom, had he always listened, he would have been a better and a happier man.

SENECA, the Roman philosopher, says: "The mind of man is like those fields, the fertility of which depends on their being allowed certain periods of rest at the proper seasons."

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